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THE GREAT SHADOW

IN A. CONAN DOVIN.

Author of "The Astronomes of Theories and the control of t

laughing. "Is this our carriage? How funny it tooks. And where am I to sit?"
"On the sacking." said I.
"And how am I to get there?"
"Put your foot on the hub." said I: "I'll help you." I sprang up and took her two little gloved lands in my own. As she came over the side her breath blew in my face sweet and warm, and all that vagueness and unrest seemed in a moment to have been shredded away from my soul. I felt as if that lastant had taken me out from my soil and made me one of the race. It took out the time of the flicking of the horse's tail, and yet something had happened, a barrier had gone down somewhere, and I was leading a wider and a wiser life. I felt it all in a gush, but, shy and backward as I was, I could do nothing but flatten out the sacking for her. Her eyes were after the coach which was rattling away to Berwick, and suddonly she shook her handkerchief in the nir.
"He took off his hat," said she: "I think he

and suddenly she shook her handkerchief in the air.

"He took off his hat," said she: "I think he must have been an officer. He was very distinguished looking: perhaps you noticed him—a gentleman on the cutside, very handsome, with a brown overcoat."

I shook my head, with all my flush of joy changed to foolish resentment.

"An! Well. I shall never see him again. Here are all the green braes, and the brown, winding road, just the same as ever. And you, Jack—I don't see any great change in you cither. I hope your manuers are better than they used to be. You won't try to put any frogs down my back, will you?

I crept all over when I thought of such a thing. "We'll do all we can to make you happy at West Inch." said I, playing with the wiip.

whip.
"I'm sure it's very kind of you to take a
poor lonely girl in." said she.
"It's very kind of you to come, cousin Edie."
I stammered. "You'll find it very dull, I lear." I suppose it is a little quiet, Jack. Not "I suppose it is a little quiet. Jack. Not many men about, as I remember it."

There is Major Elliott up at Corriemult. He comes down of an evening, a real brave old soldier, who had a ball in his knee under Wellington."

"Ah, when I speak of men, Jack, I don't mean old folk with balls in their knees. I meant people of our own age, that we could make friends of. By the way, that crabbed old doctor had a son, had he not?"

"Oh, yes, that's Jim Horseroft, my best friend."

"Oh. yes. that's Jim Horscroft, my best friend."
"Is he at home?"
"No: he'll be home soon. He's still at Edinburgh, studying."
"Ah, then we'll keep each other company until he comes, Jack. And I'm very tired, and I wish I was at West Inch."
I made old Souter Johnny cover the ground as he had never done before or since, and in an hour she was seated at the supper table, where my mother had haid out not only butter, but a glars dish of gooseberry jam, which sparkled and looked fine in the eandle light. I could see that my parents were as overcome as I was at the difference in her, though not in the same way. My mother was so set back by the feather thing that she had round her neek that she called her Miss Calder instead of Edie, until my cousin, in her pretty, flighty way, would lift her forefinger to her whenever she did it. After supper, when she had gone to her bed, they could talk of nothing but her looks and her breeding.
"By the way, though," says my father, "it does not look as if she were heartbroke about my brother's death."
And then for the first time I remembered that she had never said a word about the matter since I had met her.

(To be continued.)

(To be continued.)

BILLY B. AND OTHER WILLIAMS. Their Simple Likes and Bislikes-Hats Beer, Tobucco, Drunks, and Tall Twisting.

In the prosperous days of the Comstock, when Virginia City was turning out its mil-lions of bonanza gold and silver, many famous characters were developed, but none among them all was a prophet of such renown in his own country as Billy the Bum. Billy was a goat-a big, sturdy, black, sinful goat.

Every man, woman, and child who promenaded C street, Virginia City's Broadway. knew Billy, and only the drunkards disliked him. That dislike was reciprocated. Billy was addicted to drink. When his Bos-

well arises he will be compelled to write of Billy that he was a drunkard. But, and here is men. Billy never lost his fine scorn of his own besetting sin, and never lost an opportunity to express foreibly his disapproval of all human victims of it who came within his observation. The saloons of that historical Nevada min-

ing camp were many and gorgeous. In front est number of fare banks ran twenty-four hours a day, was Billy's favorite lounging place. When his deprayed thirst overcame him Billy would shrug his shoulders in a manner which plainly said: "Well, I'm sorry, and it's wrong, but a fellow cannot cool his coppers with dry philosophy, and I must have a drink.

famous Orndorff & Magee's, and order a beer. He would order it, preferably of an old friend, new ould order it, presently of an old triend, out it none happened to be at the bark evould nudge any stranger until the barkeeper explained his wants, and the beer would be promptly provided and paid for.

Billy chewed tobacco, it was a sight which strangers marvelled much to see, when a miner, a superintendent, an owner, perhaps a United States Senator, would pause, meeting



Paris is excited. Rents on these streets are enormous, if only for the reason that the transient trade is so great. Naturally, also, it is the most desirable and expensive field for advertising. In this, as in most everything else, the State has been able to stick its linger.

The French Government, municipal and State, makes of itself a vast nress to aqueeze money from the public. Much of this money it returns in good streets, light, public monuments, fountains, flower beds, and the like; but the squeezing process is always going on. The State Government is not content with its monopoly of the tobacco trade, by whose operation there is not a private cigar shop or a free tobacco grower in France; but it also manufactures matches. It not only manufactures matches, but puts a revenue stamp on each box as well, and ends by the exclusive saie of them at retail and at wholesale. Besides the revenue stamps on every check, note, and receipt given in this country, and besides the municipal octroi tax on every



pound of provisions and fuel that enters Paris, the State Government and the municipality each draws a revenue from the advertising business.

Despite the wonderful shops with their wealth of display, despite the cosmopolitan crowd, the presence of restaurants, cafés, and theatres whose names are known throughout the world, the attention of the tourist en his first trip through the Boulevard will be engaged first by three things, none of them particularly celebrated. These are the public urinoirs, the gay colored advertising posters, and the newspaper kiosks. Both the Government and the municipality reap a profit from all three.

The newspaper kiosks of the Boulevard, if other proof were lacking, could testify that Paris is the centre of the world. These little buildings which sit out man the curb are occupied by respectable old ladies in black, who sell the newspapers and illustrated journals of the whole civilized world. They are dig-



nified old dames, some of them very cynical and ill tempered, and they all hold Government appointments. Their klosks are the property of a great company, which pays a lump sum to the municipality for their privilege. The old ladies are appointed to them by the Prefect of the Seine, who is a State officer: and they get their positions through political influence or in virtue of their being the widows of non-commissioned officers.

The advertising part of the klosk consists of a number of ornamental glass windows, sold out to advertisers by the year at prices ranging from 120 franes to 2,000 franes a square. The mistresses of the klosks pay a high monthly rent, proportioned to the desirability of the stands. No one else may have a newspaper stall in Paris. So much for the profilts of the company, which in turn can afford to pay its municipal protector over 100. OW) france a year for its monopoly.

It is to another great company that the city government of Paris farms out the privilege



of theatrical, concert, and music hall advertising. This company, too, pays an enormous rent to the city. It places its advertisements on tall cylindrical pillars, lighted at night by gas jets from the top, and stationed at frequent intervals along the Boulevard and in other more frequented parts of the town. At these the public may read from day to day the amusement notices, while the gay posters lend additional brightness to the street.

The advertisements placed in the public utinoirs—which form so striking an adjunct to the Boulevard landscape—go entirely to the profit of the city. They are usually those of physicians.

The State Government comes in for its profit on all those privileged industries by



affixing a revenue stamp to each and every advortisement posted in the land: so that advertising comes high on the Boulevard, where there are no dead walls to speak of. As a consequence the placards are gay and often beautiful. Many of them are designed by well-

ON THE GRAND BOULEVARD.

THE FOCUS AND PRONENADE OF THE GAY PRENCH CAPITAL.

Magnificent Streets Extending Two and There-quarter Miles in a Semicircle-Here People of All Classes Mingle Good Tempercally to Gart and Laugh and Mass.—Devices of the French Government to Squeeze Money from the Public.

Paris, Sept. 15.—There is one place where Paris focuses herself. That place is the Grand Boulevard, a series of magnificent streets never less than thirty-trace yards in width, extending in a semicircle from the Place of the Bastile to the Church of the Madeleins, a distance of two and three-quarter miles. This is the region of the tourists, the theatres, the open, the most celebrated cafés, restaurants, and brasseries. It is the quarter of the newspaper effices and of the expensive shops; fits the promenade of all the world, the salon of petites cocales, the meeting place of every capital and the promenade of all the world, the salon of petites cocales, the meeting place of every capital and the promenade of all the world, the salon of petites cocales, the meeting place of every capital and the promenade of all the world, the salon of petites cocales, the miles the promenade of all the world, the salon of petites cocales, the miles the promenade of all the world, the salon of petites cocales, the miles the promenade of all the world, the salon of petites cocales, the miles the promenade of all the world, the salon of petites cocales, the miles and the promenade of all the world, the salon of petites cocales, the will begin to note that the capital company to the capi



eat ices, drink coffee with brandy in it and tes with rum in it, or beer, or anything slee.

"When will some American city have a life like this?"

"Whenever she wants it," answered one.

There were four Americans in Paris, sitting in front of the Taverne Pousset on the Boulevard des Italiens. They were drinking Bavarian beer and taking in the scene.

"But America will never want a life like this," continued the speaker. "It is un-American. Besides, we are too busy." He was so sure that his own opinion was in touch with the best thought of his country that he felt able to speak for her on every occasion.

"Not soon," answered the second, who has lived abroad so much that he has lost a little tone. "Because our respectable middle classes are ashamed to patronize any amusement which is not exclusively for themselves. We are so democratic in practice. Therefore America will not soon have a democratic pleasure ground like this, because each respectable



kept alive and vizorous at such trouble and expense in the soil of a crowded city. Among the movables are the omnibuses, the cabe, and all the people. There are over 20,000 public cabs in Paris, the property of half a dozen companies. The teckless rate at which they are driven makes it a foat requiring skill and watchfulness to cross the Boulevard. The danger is increased by the thundering, double-decked omnibuses that roll along the smooth wood-paved streets like locomotive engines on steel rails. To these



must be added innumerable private cabs and carriages, and the traffic of business which is bound at least to cross the Boulevard at nearly every cross street. At the intersection of the Rue Montmartre and the Boulevard over 100,000 vehicles a day pass by. It is astonishing therefore that more accidents do not take piace. As it is, there are enough. When something occurs, a strange crowd gathers—gentlemen of leisure in faultiess morning clothes, tourists in their tweeds, bakers' boys in their white caps and aprons, concierges' daughters and shop girls without their hats, street loafers in any kind of clothes you please, common soldiers, little girls. Anarchists, little dogs, café waiters, and cabmen. Domineering them all will be the policeman, taking names and addresses. He is the autopart of the occasion, and no one thinks of disobeying his commands. He will even order richly dressed ladies to the station house if their cab has chanced to injure another; there-



fore he knows his worth, and is content to shine in his legitimate rôles.

On the sidewalk the crowd may be divided into two classes—those who live there, and those who come there. Of the first there are the police, the hawkers of afternoon papers, second-hand books, chic toys, sheet music and the like, cab drivers, beggars, and middle-class prostitutes. Those who only come to the Boulevard, but do not live there, are the tourists of all nations, who see the sights; rich American ladies, who come to shop and set the fashions; boulevardiers, who have their regular hours; clerks, who come to dine, and the respectable and the poor, who come to take the air at night.

For those who frequent this gay street in the evening there is need of little other amusement. The electric lights and the gas jets appared the darkness, the shops are open and shining brilliantly, and the crowd rolls like the progress of a mighty river. It is a crowd not beyond reproach, and it is very diverse, but there are at least always good nature, gayety, and an utter absence of the toughness which obtrudes itself. The fashionables of the great world stroil for a lew blocks after the theatre, or are whisked away in their carriages to some expensive restaurant. Business men sit with their wives or mistresses outside the cales, or alone play

THE TRUTH OF IT. Is There Any Limit to Human Endurance?

A Revelation Which Will Astonish Most People.

And Yet It Is in Reality of Everyday Occurrence.

The following communication is from one of our correspondents. Mrs. Carrie E. Martin. a lady well known and highly respected, and who occupies a position of the highest social distinction in West Leyden, Mass. Her experience is of such a nature, and its importance to many so great and far-reaching, that we give it to our readers in her own words: "Last summer I was all run down, had chills, no appetite, very little sleep nights and

none days, faint spells, trembling feelings, and was so weak I could hardly walk around the room. I continued to run down in health and strength until I feared utter nervous prostration with its untold miseries.

"I sent for our town physician and he came a good many times. I soon had to give up work entirely, still his medicines did me no good. I tried to ride out one morning, but we went only a few rods and had to come home. My husband then went to church, leaving me with the hired help and my children. Such a terrible day as I spent tongue cannot describe, I could scarcely get from the couch to a chair! "When my husband came in from church I told him I was worse and that I would die! I did not get help soon; that I would not take any more of the doctor's medicine, but try Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, if he thought best.

"He advised me to try it and went immediations." tration with its untold miseries.



MRS. CARRIE E. MARTIN.

dominoes within. Young clerks in their best clothes ogle the ladies as they pass. Whole families of working people pass in groups to rest and look in shop windows. Englishmen at the cafétables wrangle with the waiters over their change in broken French; and Americans spoil the garçons by giving heavy tips, most often with no french at all. Both English and Americans jostle Spaniards, Turks. Arabs, provincial Frenchmen, Paris dudes, beggars. assassins, and men of letters.

The people make the Boulevard—the Parisians—not the strangers, although they bring it money. A Frenchman cannot be shamed into spending his cash, and he wants to have many of his pleasures for nothing; but he does pay for things he believes worth paying for. Moreover, he knows exactly what he wants, and the authorities know about what he can be trusted with. Above all, the Parisians wish to have bright, gay, and cheerful meeting piaces, where they can watch their fellow creatures and talk, talk, talk. Therefore, besides the wide streets and open places, there are the cafés, especially the Boulevard



cafés. Above everything else, there are meeting places, light, handsomely furnished, open to all. They take the place of clubs to ordinary people. Some cafés may have restaurants attached, some may be given over to women, but in all one pays rather for his seat than for his refreshment. The cafés add light and life to the Boulevard, of which they are an important element. To them Paris fathers bring their families for the evening; their outside seats give the stranger a place for observation; their inside tables gather eliques of literary men, students, and men of business. Above all, with a gracious charity, whether born of cynical indifference or of innate Gallic refinement, the fallen woman finds in the Boulevard and the Boulevard café a light and cheerful place where she may freely walk and sit in the presence of her sisters who have not fallen. Honest women are accustomed to seeing them, and do not said and bridle up in their presence.

Here we have the sum total of this life. The street, all light, with spreading trees; the cafés and restaurants, filled with cheeful people of every class; the crowd, where the newsboy and the night beauty elbow the failt inhaire and his clerk; the spirit of idis

